

# WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH MODERN HUSBANDS?



turns indicate that the husband is going to have to shoulder the greater part of the blame.

Hundreds of dusty records containing the details of half-forgotten cases are being dug out of the vaults of the courthouses in the big cities and the backwoods county seats. Press dispatches from here and there over the country indicate that an epidemic of wife desertions, abandonments and general infidelities is raging. St. Louis, Los Angeles, Waukegan, Williamsburg, Pittsburg, New York and Long Island answer to the roll when the list of recent delinquencies is called. The modern man seems to be drifting rapidly away from the old ideals of a wife, children, a home and a competency, says a writer in the St. Louis Republic.

Modern literature is full of erotic and neurotic tales of clandestine love affairs; and the churches, courts and conventionalities seem powerless to hold the husband to the time-honored way of living, loving and dying. He won't listen to the preacher, he is not afraid of the court and he scorns conventionalities. The old ideals are losing their grip. The deeps of the social order seem to be breaking up and casting their wreckage high and dry at a hundred places in this and other countries. It looks as if the day of chivalry was dead, the true chivalry that was rooted in something deeper than a mere desire to appear at one's best in the complex wheels within wheels of the society of to-day. For something seems to be the matter with the modern husband. Not that the modern wife is always guiltless of sins against herself and others, but the husband seems to be the one that leads in abandonments, abuses, infidelities and other sins against the marriage state.

## Old Bonds No Longer Bind.

It may be that the bow of Cupid is losing its strength; that the arrows of the little god are becoming blunted or that his right arm is losing its cunning. At any rate, it seems that his arrows and darts are going astray and causing more heart aches and domestic troubles than the efforts of a rational little god ever should. Preachers, lawyers, doctors, business men and millionaires of the multiple class are furnishing from their ranks the latest examples of the loosening and breaking away from the old bonds. "Affinities" came first; then all the rage was for "soul-mates," and now the black flag of the "love-pirate" has been run to the masthead by certain of the more unscrupulous buccaneers of both sexes. And as a result hundreds of homes in this and other countries are flying the distress signal.

This thing has swept across the country like a virulent epidemic, leaving here and there a plague spot of especial malignancy. A few years ago an artist with the artistic temperament developed to the point that exceeded even the eccentricities of a prima donna, decided that his marriage was a mistake, and straightaway proceeded to correct it by taking to himself an "affinity of the soul." The matter was carried through with the most brazen disregard of public opinion that it is possible to imagine. The artist and the artist's "affinity" went down to the docks and said good-by to the wife when she sailed for Europe with her children. However, the gentleman paid the usual penalty of the pioneer. His house was wrecked by an angry mob of his neighbors and he was rather roughly handled himself. But the popular indignation soon died out and the artist and his "affinity" settled down to an existence de-

clared to be as idyllic as a poet's dream or an artist's vision.

## Idyll Roughly Shattered.

Alas for the frailties of human nature and the erratic whims of the artistic temperaments. But a few months passed until the artist was a defendant in a magistrate's court, charged with having laid violent hands on his "affinity." The matter was hushed up and things were quiet again for a short time, and then the final explosion came. The "affinity" went home to her mother, considerably sadder, and it is to be hoped, somewhat wiser than when she left the parental roof tree. The artist lost but little time in securing another "soul-mate," and in order to be quit of the sneers and revilings of their acquaintances in America they set sail for Europe. The disillusioned "affinity," with her notions of platonic love considerably shaken, has recently returned from Europe under an assumed name. To her intimate friends she has confessed that the artist is a monument of conceit and repulsiveness.

But the experience of the first of the affinity seekers has had no noticeable effect on those inclined to throw aside their marital vows for a pretty face or a stalwart form. The germ of material unrest began creeping westward, stopping to cause wife desertion in Pittsburg and a runaway elopement of a staid old organist and school teacher with the prettiest girl in the choir in a western village.

## Illicit Love Above Life's Work.

He left a wife and three children hind him when they made their mad dash away from respectability and social correctness. Shortly after the escapade of the artist had faded from the public mind a new sensation was sprung by the disappearance of the pastor of one of the richest and most exclusive churches of Long Island. With him had disappeared a communicant of his church, a young woman of unusual beauty and a member of a wealthy family. This minister had thrown aside his priestly robes and given up a reputation that he had been years in building, and the two had disappeared, leaving to the mercy of the public the deserted wife.

They vanished into the 80,000,000 other inhabitants of the union and were not heard of for months. Finally they were discovered in San Francisco, where the unfrocked minister was trying to earn a living for himself and his "soul partner" by working as a painter and paper hanger. Even the staid and orthodox followers of the ancient Hebrew faith are not exempt. The recent arrest of a former St. Louisan by his wife when he made her a little visit after an absence of a couple of years shows that the rabbis of the faith of Isaac and Abraham are not able to stem the current that is making inroads on the morals of their faith. This Jewish Don Juan had a wife in each of the three principal colonies of his people in this country—New York, Chicago and St. Louis—all having been the scenes of his matrimonial adventures. He has placed three marriages to his credit or discredit. But he was so unsatisfactory as a husband that his St. Louis wife, after arresting and charging him with bigamy, had him released and gave him \$50 with which to get out of town.

## Some Reasons Advanced.

The columns of newspapers, magazines and other publications are full of articles on this evil from almost every imaginable source. Hundreds of reasons are being assigned in editorials and special articles for the tendency to ignore or shatter the bonds of Hymen. One commonly given by some of the women writers and a majority of the men is the loss of the feeling among the men that women need protection.

The woman's right movement has been coming to the front very rapidly in later years and mankind having seen women calmly appropriating certain jobs of the men who were supporting families, have come to the conclusion that they are ambitious to attain economic independence.

Another thing frequently insisted on by women writers and women thinkers alike is that modern man is fickle beyond all understanding. They claim that the deathless love, sung by the poets and dilated upon by the romancers, simply does not exist. That most marriages, after all, are founded upon convenience and habit. Women are generally lauded as being far the more faithful and long suffering of the two sexes. The correspondents' columns of the metropolitan dailies are full of letters from wives who write tearfully that their husbands are wearying of them, although they have been married only a year or two. The burden of the pleas that come up from among these worried wives seems to be the old poetical phrase slightly changed, "Love is of man's life but a part, 'tis woman's whole existence." But if these women talk to their husbands as freely as they write



to the editors there is small wonder that the man in the case falls easy prey to the "other woman."

## Woman But an Incident.

One of the "blue-grass school" of authors in his last piece of fiction shows still another reason for the gradual growing away of the husband from the earlier devotional attitude that is the heritage of the honeymoon. The hero is a professor in one of the little inland schools down in the blue-grass country. He has been there for years, but now the time has come when he has received a call to go east into a wider field of usefulness that his ripened powers seem to merit. Woman-like, his wife is still wrapped up in her devotion to him and their children. He, on the other hand, is becoming more absorbed in his work than in her and his home. She slowly realizes that woman is only an incident in the life of a man.

The churches and civic societies for decades have been fulminating against the rottenness of human nature; the moral sense of the community always condemns it, but whatever its causes may be, they are always strong enough to sweep down the puny barriers of convention and law. The new school of ethnology and social life has been giving these social evils its attention. But the scientists admit the impulses of man's character run so deep in raw human nature that a remedy is well-nigh impossible. Prof. Starr, whose vicious attacks on womanhood and her nature have been so widely noted, has recently taken up the study of the civilized male as a social animal.

Professor Starr's first verdict on the ordinary man and his habits and desires was delivered with characteristic venom. He had made his earliest studies of this character during the summer season just passed, and had found that the pretty girl in the chorus and the lure of pink-tinted fleshings were just as strong a drawing card as the comic artist of all these years has been telling us. The shows that contained the most coarse infidelity and the most blatant sneers at married life were the ones the husbands whose wives were away for the summer seemed most anxious to see. Every joke with the married man as the victim was applauded uproariously. The most popular songs were those that told of the joys of the married man while his wife was away. "I love, I love my wife, but O you kid," was always one of the hits of the evening with these summer bachelors, according to Prof. Starr.

## Affects All Classes.

And the staid bankers, brokers and dry-goods men would stand on the seats and beat one another over the shoulders with their Panamas when the cantatrice in pink tights would trip lightly to the footlights, throw a kiss to the nearest box and warble, "My Wife Is Gone to the Country." The whole bunch that came under the professor's observation acted as if they were having the best time that had come their way since they left the altar on the day of their marriage. There is no sign that seems to show such instances as that of the preacher and the choir girl who were arrested in an Illinois town recently are on the decrease. You can hardly pick up a paper, metropolitan or rural, without coming across a headline telling the story of a recreant husband. There seems to be a germ in the air that makes for loose living no matter what the consequences. It is a far cry from this love-pirate, soul-mate, affinity craze back to the simple living, loving and dying of our pioneer grandparents.

## In the "Good Old Days."

They say that in the good old days, before marriage had come to be discussed in the light of a "failure," no one ever dreamed of suggesting that the husband got all the happiness, whilst the wife, metaphorically, had nothing save the kicks and pinpricks of matrimony.

The varied trials and crosses that come into every married life were accepted as matters of course, and to have suggested to some sweet young great-grandmother, in the days ere she was a great-grandmother, that her lord and master had the "best" of her, would have filled her with equal amazement and horror.

"Appetite comes in eating," say the French. And assuredly the talking and writing indulged in on the subject of matrimonial jars increases them to an astonishing extent. The mere acknowledgement of the tiny pinpricks magnifies them, to say nothing of the desecration of the dear old loyalty that washed (if there was any to wash) its dirty linen at home, and turned a smiling and unruffled face toward the cold criticism of the world.

Apart from nature having elected to handicap the fairer sex in a physical sense—an injury that even the most discontented new woman must surely recognize the futility of railing against, more especially since, without an effort on her own part, it obtains countless concessions from the opposite sex—apart from this one immense superiority of man—and where in lies the "best" that husbands in general are said to enjoy?

## Woman Often to Blame?

A freer, more diversified life? Undoubtedly; but, in nine cases out of ten, the woman who so bitterly complains of the "monotony" of her life is largely herself to blame. She has laid herself—a willing sacrifice—upon the altar of home and children, and then grumbles when the sacrifice is unthinkingly accepted!

Paradoxical as it may sound, womanly selfishness is at the root of much married trouble. The wife lays upon her slender shoulders more than any one pair can carry, and, when she falls beneath the unreasonable load, blames Providence and the marriage state, grows discontented, sharp tempered, and is actually a less desirable wife and mother than a more commonsensical, if selfish, sister, who lives up to the belief that all work and no play makes Jill an exceedingly dull and morbid creature.

## BECAME CRUSOE FROM CHOICE

British Explorer Discovers Solitary Tar Who Enjoys Life Ruling Over Lonely Island.

The homeward voyage of the Nimrod, the vessel of the Shackleton expedition, has been marked by the discovery on Macquaire island, nearly 600 miles northwest of New Zealand, of a modern Robinson Crusoe—a solitary inhabitant with two dogs. The Nimrod, under the command of Capt. J. K. Davis, left Sydney on May 8, and, says Reuter, in accordance with Lieut. Shackleton's instructions, proceeded south in order to visit Macquaire island and search for certain charted groups of islands, the actual existence of which was doubtful. Macquaire island was discovered in the early part of the last century by a colonial sealing vessel. It is 21 miles long and five miles broad and is the home of countless myriads of penguins, sea birds and seals.

A visit was paid to the southeast point of the island and some specimens collected, and then the Nimrod proceeded along the coast northward. As she drew near Nugget point, from which a reef of rocks extends for some distance seaward, two huts were seen on the shore and also the wreck of a vessel high and dry on the beach. In his report Capt. Davis says: "Suddenly, to our surprise, a column of smoke rose from the smaller of the two huts. As we had heard nothing of anyone living on the island, this was extraordinary. Presently, with the glasses, we could make out the figure of a man standing at the door of the smaller of the huts watching our approach. We came to anchor, and the boat was lowered and headed for the shore.

"The man now walked down to the beach, accompanied by two little dogs. There was a heavy surf, but our Crusoe-like friend, after pointing out the best landing place, walked into the water and assisted in beaching the boat.

"We soon ascertained that his name was William McKibben, and that he had been a member of a party which had visited the island in the previous season in order to obtain seal and penguin oil. When the season was over and the party's vessel was filled with barrels of oil he had elected to remain on the island by himself in order to collect oil for the following season. He did not mind the loneliness at all."

## FREED AT LAST

From the Awful Tortures of Kidney Disease.

Mrs. Rachel Ivie, Henrietta, Texas, says: "I would be ungrateful if I did not tell what Doan's Kidney Pills have done for me. Fifteen years kidney trouble clung to me, my existence was one of misery and for two whole years I was unable to go out of the house. My back ached all the time and I was utterly weak, unable at times to walk without assistance. The kidney secretions were very irregular. Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to good health, and I am able to do as much work as the average woman, though nearly eighty years old."

Remember the name—Doan's. Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

## Definite Location.

Every visitor at the new capitol at Harrisburg, Pa., who gets as far as the registration room, is expected to write his name in a big book, together with his birthplace and present residence, says the Troy Times. Not long ago, when a crowd of excursionists visited the grounds and buildings, a stout girl started to register.

She paused, pen poised in air, and called out to an elderly lady, comfortably seated in a big chair, "Mon, vere vas I borned at?"

"Vat you vant to know dat for?" "Dis man wants to put it in der big book."

"Ach," answered the mother, "you know vell enough—in der old stone house."

## Poverty and Consumption.

That poverty is a friend to consumption is demonstrated by some recent German statistics, which show that of 10,000 well-to-do persons 40 annually die of consumption; of the same number only moderately well-to-do, 66; of the same number of really poor, 77; and of paupers, 97. According to John Burns, the famous English labor leader, 90 per cent. of the consumptives in London receive charitable relief in their homes.

## Wholesale and Retail.

"What business did you say Miss Gaddie was in?" "Oh, she's in everybody's business." "Wholesale, eh?" "Yes, except when it comes to a bit of scandal. She retails that."

Instant Relief for All Eyes, that are irritated from dust, heat, sun or wind. PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

The girl who is quick to find fault is very apt to get left at the post in the matrimonial race.

If a man's wife cuts his hair he is entitled to a lot more sympathy than he gets.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

After breaking a \$5 bill the pieces are soon lost.

## TAKE CARE OF GOOD HEALTH

Mistake Most People Make Is in Waiting for Bad to Come and Then Coddling It.

If we would take as good care of our good health as we do of our bad health we would have more of the former and less of the latter. We set our good health down in a draft and let it get its feet wet; we infringe on its sleep time and gorge it with unsuitable food at irregular hours. We load it with nerve-racking cares and duties, and reply to its frantic appeals for rest with, "You haven't time." We squeeze it with clothing; we distract its ears with noise and its lungs with bad air. But we put our bad health in a quiet room, on a soft couch. We robe it in a comfortable gown; we give it pure air at stated intervals; we put ice on its head and hot water at its feet; we feed it with food convenient for it. We take away all care and responsibility; we give it a soothing draught to rest it; and we pay a doctor two dollars to come and leave it a scrap of paper and say that it will better to-morrow. One might think we preferred bad health to good health. —From an article in Good Health.

Death from Sting of Poisonous Flies. Three persons died recently at Marseilles after having been stung by poisonous flies. Several streets are infested by the insects, which are said to have been brought to Marseilles in a cargo of South American wool. —Echo de Paris.

ARE YOUR CLOTHES FADED? Use Red Cross Ball Blue and make them white again. Large 2 oz. package, 5 cents.

Smith—So the will was read? Jones—Yes; but the air was blue.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

The door of success is marked: "Push."

**Quaker**  
**Scotch Oats**  
is the  
perfectly balanced  
human food

China for your table in the Family Size Packages



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

# Facts For Sick Women

We know of no other medicine which has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women, or secured so many genuine testimonials, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Almost every woman you meet has either been benefited by it, or knows some one who has.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing over one million one hundred thousand letters from women seeking health, in which many openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved many women from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made exclusively from roots and herbs, and is perfectly harmless.

The reason why it is so successful is because it contains ingredients which act directly upon the female organism, restoring it to healthy and normal activity.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials such as the following prove the efficiency of this simple remedy.

Minneapolis, Minn.:—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women, I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. Within three months I was a perfectly well woman."

"I want this letter made public to show the benefits to be derived from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." Mrs. John G. Moldan, 2115 Second St. North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.